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ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

XXXII.

Lo ! all the vale, both here and there,
 Proclaims me No-one, Some-one thee ;
 If No-one gains thee, blossom fair,
 Then, truly, Some-one will have me.

XXXIII.

Yon vessel see, with sails so gay,
 Steering to Erin's isle her way ;
 Grant her success, ye Powers above,
 For with her sails my own true love *.

XXXIV.

Fair words have often met my ear,
 Fair words from him I loved 'fore any ;
 Fair words do wond'rous well appear,
 But such, alas, have cheated many.

XXXV.

How dear to me thy sparkling eyes !
 Quick-silver in them surely lies ;
 Within thy head they play, I ween,
 Like twinkling stars in nights serene.

XXXVI.

The meadow's flow'rs, how lovely they !
 Lovely too the charms of song ;
 But that, which bears the prize away,
 Is loveliness our neighbours 'mong.

* Horace expresses a similar wish in his Ode to the Ship, which was about to carry Virgil to Athens. His lines, for the sake of the comparison, are here quoted :—

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater,
 Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga :
 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
 Debas Virgilium, finibus Atticis
 Reddas incolumem, precor,
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ. L.B. 1. Od. 3.

The idea in Horace is only more extended than in the Pennill ; and in both cases it is sufficiently natural, to preclude all suspicion of the Welsh lines being in any degree borrowed.—^{Ed.}

XXXVII.

Whence Berwyn yields her healthful gale,
One may behold full many a vale ;
And, but for foul Arenig's * height,
My native plains would be in sight.

XXXVIII.

Gentle, gentle, gentle woman !
Where she loveth gentle ever !
Where her heart first turneth to man,
There her fondness cooleth never.

AN EPITAPH

In ST. JOHN'S CHURCH YARD, SWANSEA, upon the Tomb of the
Author's beloved Parents.

In contemplation o'er the bed of death
I swell each passing breeze with a deep sigh,
And, to bedew this consecrated stone,
A big tear flows and trembles in the eye.

But on a beam of pure celestial light
Angels descend, and to their kindred dust
They lend a tongue, which in parental love
Invites me to the mansions of the just.

Yes, blessed saints ! inspired by heavenly hope,
Through the rich mercies of a Saviour's grace,
My spirit prunes its wings for that great flight
Which shall restore me to your fond embrace †.

BATH.

J. B.

* Arenig is a mountain of Merionethshire in the parish of Llanycil, where there are two of the name. The word is a diminutive of Aren.—Ed.

† The Editor would feel obliged by a Welsh translation of this Epitaph, appropriating an *engllyn* to each English stanza.—Ed.